

**SOLDIERS' LETTERS**

R. E. Ashurst reaches the front in France after many months of training.

Sept. 3rd, 1918.

Dear Mr. Allen:-

While listening to the roar of artillery I will drop you a few lines. I do not know just what will pass the censor, but will try and not offend. I have been in France two weeks. (Here the censor aimed to delete some very interesting information). \* \* \* ammunition trucks and water tanks are going forward and the empty ones are coming back; some with wounded, and others of our wounded walking back mingled with the enemy wounded, and many being carried by four of their comrades. As I write now the air is full of our airplanes seeking the enemy. We were told yesterday evening to fall out here (in last week's battle field, and last Spring's). (It has been fought over going and coming) and make ourselves comfortable until morning, so I slept on the grass with my rubber cape over me and slept fine, though listened to the artillery some, which hammered steadily all night all along the front. This ground lays pretty and and gently rolling, and it just a mass of shell holes, hundreds and thousands of acres of it. A few stubbs of trees left, no buildings left except a few pieces of walls. Even in the old grave yards the headstones are turned in every shape and deep holes in the ground torn by the shells. The pen of man cannot even start to describe it. We probably will go on up to the front this evening. Then

Oh, my beloved country  
I will strike for you  
Though under another flag  
To each I will be true.

And thou, oh mighty nation, thou must strike with all of thy might, and smite the enemy with a great strength to the end that the seas may be safe to travel, and that the liberties of the future generations of the peoples of the earth may be perpetuated, and when it is over may the peoples of the earth be permitted to resume their domestic pursuits of life in peace. And to thee Old Glory, I would say, may more honors be bestowed upon thee, and may thy stars shine with a new lustre and finally may you wave in triumph and peace for many long centuries over a brave, free, and industrious people.

P. S. I am always well and never been sick a day since I enlisted, and our long heavy marches are not hard on me.

More anon,

R. E. Ashurst.  
No. 3233261, 3rd Canadian, Battalion Canadian Inf. B. D.—  
B. E. F., France.

John Warder, Co. A 140th Infantry, writes his mother, Mrs. J. W. Warder, Sr., from a base hospital in France.

Somewhere in France,

Sept. 1, 1918.

Dear Mother:-

Well, I've have moved again. This is the best home I've had since my arrival in France. I'm at a base hospital now and everything is lovely. The other hospitals were only field hospitals and they were always on the move, so they sent me here so they wouldn't have to move me around so much.

This sure is a swell place. Nice big park to roam around in and everything just swell. There is a bunch of Red Cross nurses here and they are sure doing wonders for the boys. Every fellow that has been here can't find words big enough to express their appreciation for what they have done. They are a "gift from God" to the sick and wounded. If the people in the States knew how much the Red Cross is doing here they would give everything they had to it.

My jaw is about the same and it is as I said before—it will just take time, so don't worry at all.

They just came around with a pay roll so I guess I'll get a few "Francs" (money) one of these days. Mail is what I want. It has been eight weeks since I had any mail. I guess they are trying to reach me but I haven't been in one place long enough for it to catch up. It will just about be my luck for it to reach here after I have gone back to duty.

They have moving pictures here. Can you imagine that? And they are the real American kind. It sure is good to sit and look at the "movies" again.

It is awfully funny about prices here. Somethings are cheap, some are high. I bought a pound of Star chewing tobacco for 35 cents and it costs 70 cents in the states. I'll have enough chewing to last me a year. Apples, pears and fruit like that are worth from 20 to 35 cents a piece. The U. S. Quartermaster has a retail counter and you can buy things awfully cheap, but the boys keep them out of everything.

Well, I must close for now and read the morning paper, and get the dope.

Love to all,

John.

Co. A, 140th Infantry,  
Am. E. F. France,  
A. P. D. 743.

Catron-Davis.

Mr. M. E. Catron and Miss Bessie Davis of this city, were married Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. J. E. Alexander officiating.

The bride is a daughter of L.

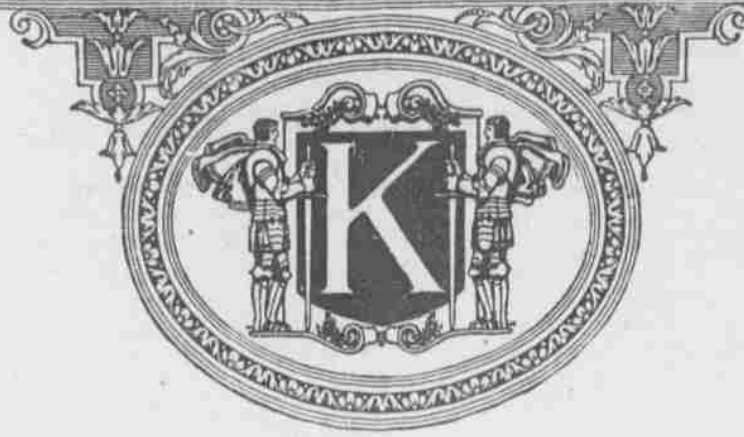
F. Davis formerly of this city, and has been in the employ of Bagnell-Montague Grocery Co. for the past two years. They left immediately after the ceremony for Kansas City, from where they will go to California to spend the winter.

Lieut. W. B. Steele Promoted.

Lieut. W. B. Steele, son of Mrs. Nannie C. Steele of this city, who is an instructor in a machine gun school at Camp Hancock, Ga., has been promoted from second to first lieutenant.

Mrs. G. F. Howe of Kansas City, arrived Wednesday night for a visit with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Neelson returned to Kansas yesterday morning after spending the summer here.



## COMPARE the PRICE of GOOD CLOTHES with the HIGH COST of CHEAP CLOTHING

It costs a merchant just as much to sell you a poor suit of clothes as a good one.

THE TRANSPORTATION COST is just as high from the mill to the maker, and from the maker to the merchant's store. The mill-overhead and labor-cost of weaving poor material may very well be as great as with better goods.

WHEN IT COMES to cutting and making a cheap suit of clothes the price of the work is out of all proportion to the material.

YOU MAY PAY LESS for a poor suit—but you do not get anything like the same value for what you pay.

THESE ARE some of the things that create the notoriously high cost of cheap clothing.

\* \* \*

IF THE MOTTO that "The Best is the Cheapest" holds good in ordinary times it is doubly true

today. Poor clothing is relatively so much higher in price than good clothing that it pays an economical man to buy the best and less of it.

THAT IS WHY a timid clothing dealer, afraid to meet his customer with the facts, is rendering a poor service. Knowing that costs everywhere are high he turns to a lower standard of merchandise: he eases over the moment of sale, but fails to consider the day of reckoning with his customer.

A MAN FORGETS the price he paid, but the clothes are in evidence: clear testimony to quality—or the lack of it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER has always maintained its standards. Its chief effort in these times is to produce the best merchandise available and to render service and support to those retail clothing merchants throughout America who share its faith in quality.

Your Kuppenheimer Merchant represents a National clothes-service, both MILITARY and CIVILIAN, of peculiar advantage to you right now while present stocks are intact

## THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Civilian and Military Clothes

Specialty of Fractional Sizes and the "Foreward" Model, originated by this House

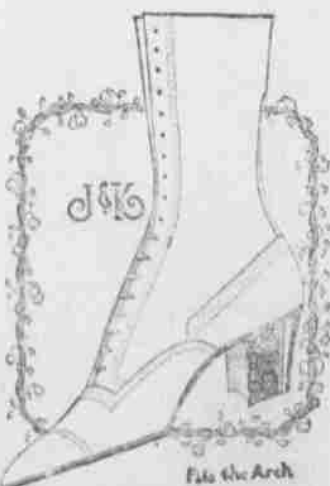
Chicago

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## Shoes May Look Very Pretty

but still prove highly unsatisfactory  
J. & K. Boots for Women not only present a most flattering appearance—of the utmost style and symetry—but they give satisfactory service.

Here's a smart young ladies' walking boot. Comes in dark brown calf, gun metal, black and gray kid.



Come in and try on a pair.

**McDaneld & Wiley**

